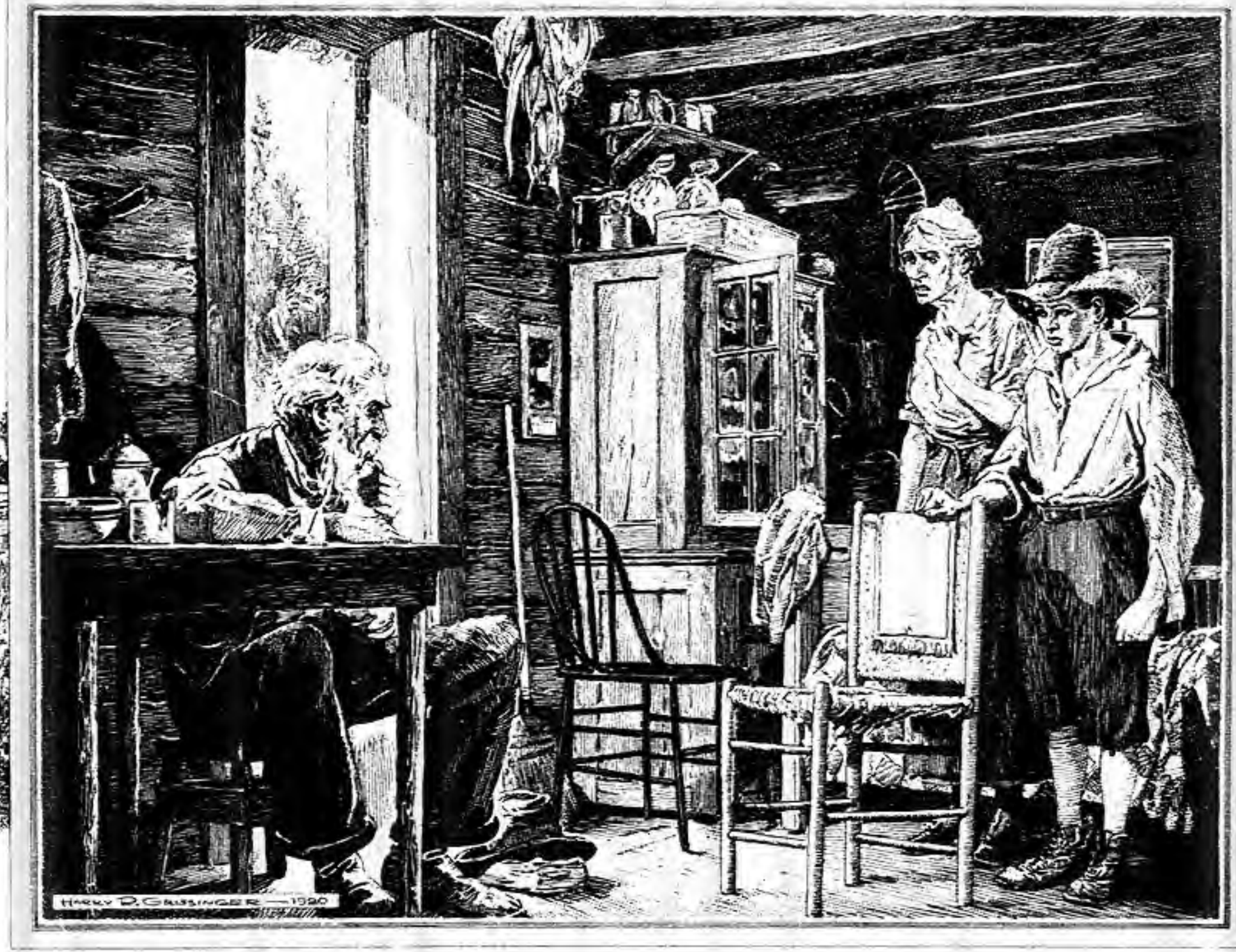
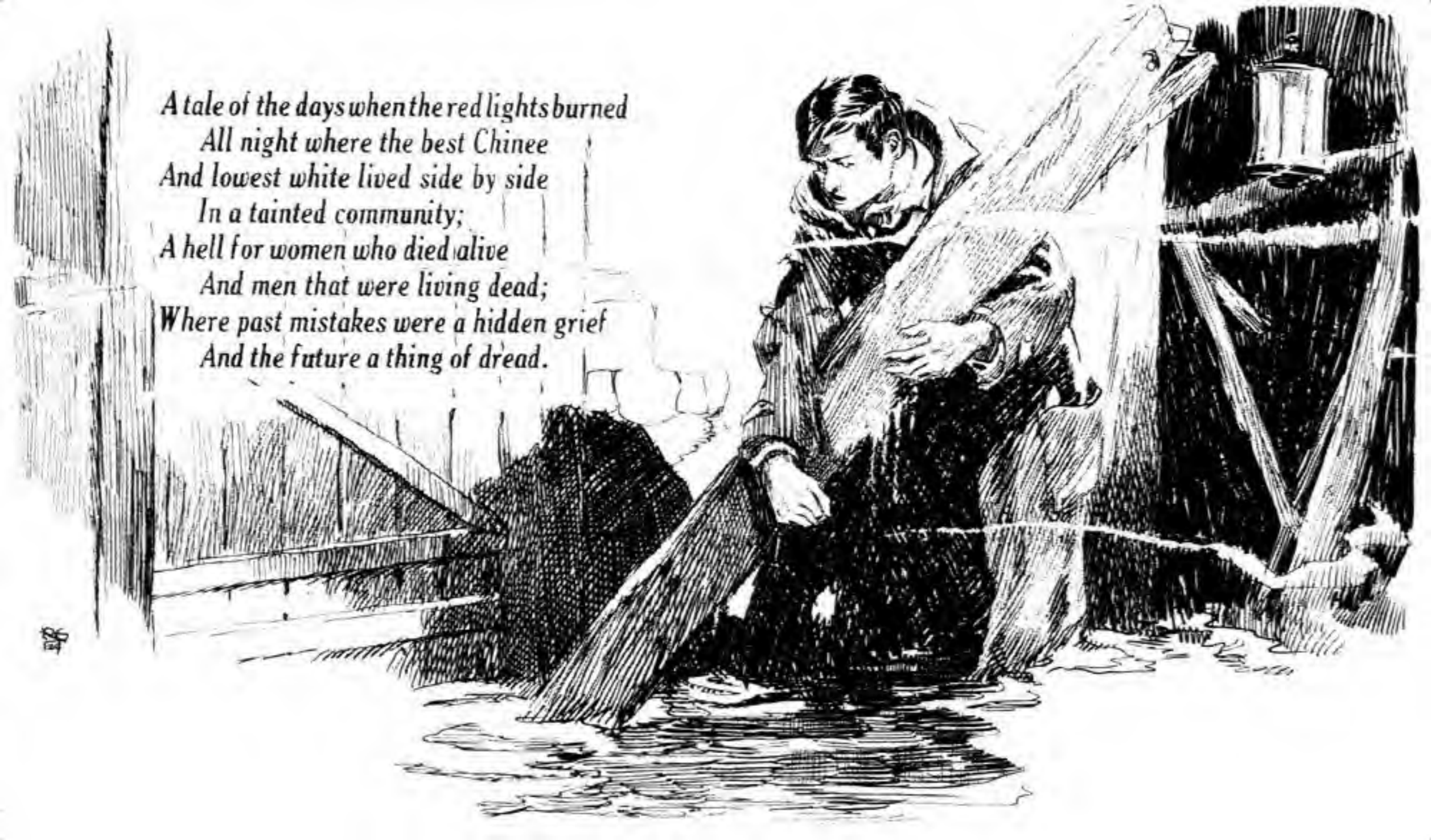

HARRY D. GRISSINGER — 1920

The attention of the amateur is called to the careful rendering of still life detail on the desk


A tale of the days when the red lights burned
All night where the best Chinee
And lowest white lived side by side
In a tainted community;
A hell for women who died alive
And men that were living dead;
Where past mistakes were a hidden grief
And the future a thing of dread.